

*The Historie*

witche with the rogues companie. If the rascall haue not giuen me medicines to make mee loue him, ile be hangd. It could not be else, I haue drunke medicines, Poynes, Hall, a plague vpon you both. Bardoll, Peto, ile starue ere ile rob a foote man, and to leaue these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeardes of vneuen ground is three-score and ten myles a foote with mee, and the stonie hearted villaines knowe it well inough, a plague vpon it when theeues can not be true one to another.

*They whistle,*

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue mee my horse you rogues, giue me my horse and be hangd:

*Prin.* Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, laie thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou canst heare the treade of traouellers.

*Falst.* Haue you any leauers to lift me vp againe being downe, zbloud ile not beare mine owne flesh so farre a foote againe for all the coine in thy fathers Exchequer: What a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

*Prin.* Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

*Falst.* I preethe good prince, Hal, helpe me to my horse, good kings sonne.

*Prin.* Out ye rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

*Falst.* Hang thy selfe in thine owne heire apparant garters, if I be tane, ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on you all, and sung to filthie tunes, let a cuppe of sacke bee my poyson, when a ieast is so forward, and a foote too I hate it.

*Enter Gadshill.*

*Gad.* Stand. *Falst.* So I do against my will.

*Po.* O tis our setter, I know his voice, Bardoll, what newes.

*Bar.* Case yee, case yee on with your vizards, theres money of the kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

*Falst.* You lie ye rogue, tis going to the kings Tauerne.

*Gad.* Theres inough to make vs all:

*Falst.* To be hangd.

*Prin.* Sirs you foure shall front them in the narrow lane: Ned Poynes, and I wil walke lower, if they scape from your encount-

ter

*of Henrie the fourth.*

ter, then they light on vs.

*Peto.* How many be there of them?

*Gad.* Some eight or ten.

*Fal.* Zounds will they not rob vs?

*Prin.* What, a coward sir Iohn paunch.

*Fal.* In deed I am not Iohn of Gaunt your grandfather, but yet no coward, Hall.

*Prin.* Well, we leaue that to the prooffe.

*Po.* Sirha lacke, thy horse standes behinde the hedge, when thou needst him, there thou shalt find him: farewel & stand fast.

*Fal.* Now can not I strike him if I should be hangd.

*Prin.* Ned, where are our disguises?

*Po.* Here, hard by, stand close.

*Fal.* Now my maisters, happie man bee his dole, say I, euerie man to his businesse. *Enter the traouailers.*

*Trauel.* Come neighbour, the boy shal lead our horses down the hill, wee le walke a foote a while and ease our legs.

*Theeues.* Stand. *Trauel.* Iesus blesse vs.

*Falst.* Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throates, a horse on Caterpillars, bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth, downe with them, fleece them.

*Tra.* O we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.

*Fal.* Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone, no yee fatte chuffes, I would your store were here: on bacons on, what yee knaues yong men must liue, you are grand iurers, are ye, wee le iure ye faith.

*Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt.*

*Enter the prince and Poynes.*

*Prin.* The theeues haue bound the true men, now we coulde thou and I rob the theeues, and go merilie to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good iest for euer.

*Po.* Stand close, I heare them comming:

*Enter the theeues againe.*

*Fal.* Come my maisters, let vs share and then to horse before day, and the Prince and Poynes bee not two arrant cowardes: theres no equitie stirring, theres no more valour in that Poynes, then in a wilde ducke.

*Prin.*